1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

224 of elephant hunt known to him. The first makes use of a spear such as that described by Putnam, but the Pygmy, instead of thrusting it into the belly, creeps up behind the elephant and cuts the tendon above one of its heels. The elephant spins around, at which a second hunter, waiting for this action, leaps out of the bush and cuts the tendon of the other heel, thus bringing the elephant down, at which point it is easily killed —often by blinding it and then cutting off the trunk and leaving it to bleed to death. The second method makes use of a harpoon, and according to Schebesta, this is the method used among the net hunters. Here the harpoon is thrust into the belly, as described by Putnam, after which the Pygmy leaps clear. If thrust far enough, the elephant dies from lacerations caused by the dragging on the harpoon head as the attached cord snags on trees and undergrowth during the animal's flight.

[223] Men may individually kill monkeys and birds with their bows and arrows, supplementing their individual family food supply, and women out gathering may catch slow game with their 226 hands. Children, and occasionally women, fish and catch crabs. Fishing seems more highly de- [184] veloped among the net hunters than among Schebesta's archers, as the net hunters know of certain grubs that make good bait and can be found in the *kukumu* tree, and also understand the use of poison for catching fish.

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

net, just as Maipe had said, but while all the attention was in that direction a water chevrotain, the *sindula,* had tried to fight its way through Moke's net.

The sindula is one of the most prized animals; it is not much larger than a small dog but is dangerous and vicious. Moke's nephew had been left all by himself to deal with it, as the others in that area were helping Ekianga with the sondu. The youngster, probably not much more than thirteen years old, had speared it with his first thrust, pinning the animal to the ground through the fleshy part of the stomach. But the animal was still very much alive, fighting for freedom. It had already bitten its way through the net, and now it was doubled up, gashing the spear shaft with its sharp teeth. Maipe put another spear into its neck, but it still writhed and fought. Not until a third spear pierced its heart did it give up the struggle.

It was at times like this that I found myself furthest removed from the Pygmies. They stood around in an excited group, pointing at the dying animal and laughing. One boy, about nine years old, threw himself on the ground and curled up in a grotesque heap and imitated the sindula's last convulsions. The men pulled their spears out and joked with one another about being afraid of a little animal like that, and to emphasize his point one of them kicked the torn and bleeding body. Then Maipe's mother came and swept the blood-streaked animal up by its hind legs and threw it over her shoulder into the basket on her back.

At other times I have seen Pygmies singeing feathers off birds that were still alive, explaining that the meat is more tender if death comes slowly. And the hunting dogs, valuable as they are, get kicked around mercilessly from the day they are born to the day they die. I have never seen any attempt at the domestication of any animal or bird apart from the hunting dog. When I talked to the Pygmies about their treatment of animals, they laughed at me and said, "The forest has given us animals for food—should we refuse this gift and